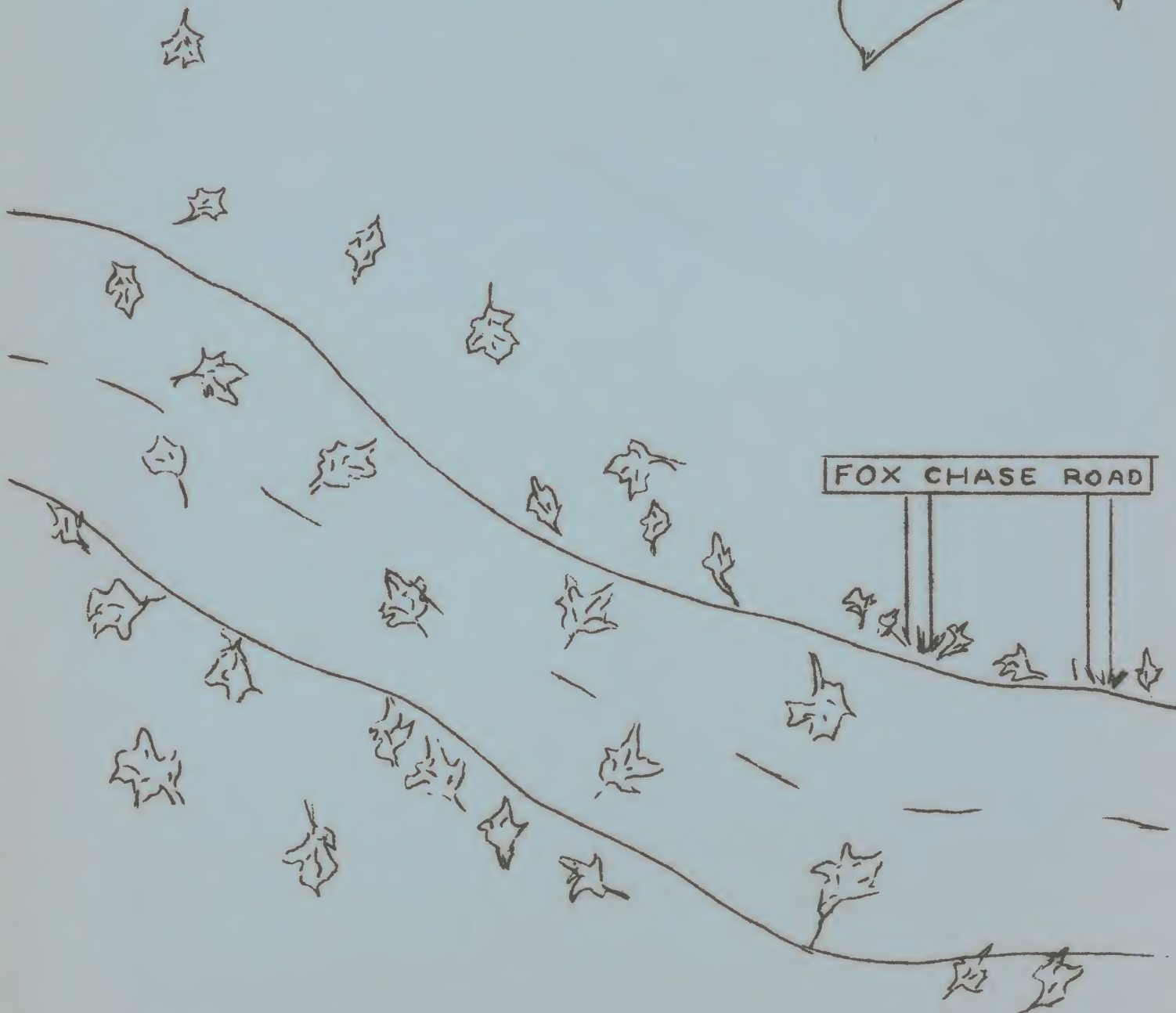
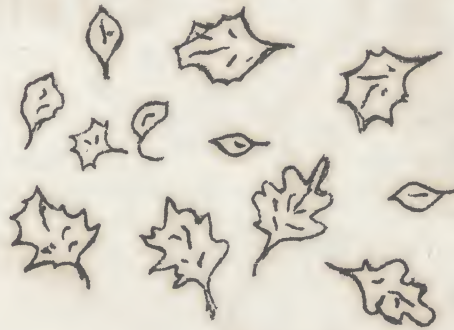


# LEAFPRINTS

from...



MANOR JUNIOR COLLEGE  
Fox Chase Road  
Jenkintown, Pa.



LEAF PRINTS  
A LITERARY MAGAZINE  
from FOX CHASE ROAD

Sponsored by  
Vol. I No. 1

PHI THETA KAPPA  
Spring 1967

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## CONTENTS

THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE. . . . .	.Constance Donnelly	'68	4
HOPE. . . . .	.Linda Nastasiak	'67	6
	Mary Ellen Hanobeck	'67	6
THE DAWN. . . . .	.Patricia Garnham	'67	7
HUMAN FAILURE . . . . .	.Myra Lesyk	'68	9
MY SUMMER ON THE BEACH. . . . .	.Carol Crooch	'68	11
THE WIZARD OF OZ RECONSIDERED . . . . .	.Leona Hills	'67	12
VACATION IN A WORLD OF FANTASY. . . . .	.Barbara Coughlin	'67	14
DEFENSIVE TACTICS . . . . .	.Judy Becker	'68	16
DEATH . . . . .	.Marita Ropars	'67	17
DEPTH . . . . .	.Sharyn Mann	'68	17
PROVIDENCE. . . . .	.Sharyn Mann	'68	17
A DEMOCRATIC AMERICA? . . . . .	.Georgine Koneski	'68	18
REPORT CARD . . . . .	.Mrs. Mary Jane O'Neill		19
SNOB. . . . .	.Leona Hills	'67	19
ODE TO A BROTHER. . . . .	.Patricia Garnham	'67	19
CAN SUPER HEROES SURVIVE? . . . . .	.Patricia Garnham	'67	20
SNOW. . . . .	.Carol Haasis	'67	22
	Joanne Pallanta	'67	22
	Patricia Milligan	'68	22
WHEN WILL THEY LEARN? . . . . .	Patricia Milligan	'68	23
MYSTERY . . . . .	.Carol Haasis	'67	24
EVENTUALITY . . . . .	.Myra Lesyk	'68	24
APPROACHING FULFILLMENT . . . . .	.Carol Haasis	'67	24
THE LIGHT . . . . .	.Toni Malpezzi	'67	25
CANDLES, CANES, CANDY AND COOKIES . . . . .	.Patricia Garnham	'67	26
TIME - QUOTES . . . . .	Evelyn O'Hara	'67	28
	Mrs. Mary Jane O'Neill		28
A PARADOX? . . . . .	.Joanne Willant	'68	29

## FORWARD

"My task which I am trying to achieve," Joseph Conrad once said, "is the power of the written word. To make you feel; to make you hear; to make you touch; to make you see; this is my aim."

A literary magazine projects beyond the hearing, feeling and touch of each student; for, it encompasses all within his sight. His range is limitless, his power intangible.

Phi Theta Kappa as an honor fraternity has attempted, through this literary magazine, to encourage the expression and the appreciation of creative art, whether it be in the form of poetry, prose or art forms. The winners of the 1966-67 literary contest have their articles printed on the following pages of LEAFPRINTS.



## FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE

Suddenly the barren earth erupts from a long sleep! Our eyes feast on the many splendors that only Spring brings--like a new born child, a small bud that will soon blossom and grow from a mere seed.



Summer follows forthwith with the dissolution of nature's blossoms, now only a memory, making way for the children of the summer heat. Passing from infancy to childhood, as Summer brings forth the new, shedding the old, so children replace nature's gifts with accessories that will better serve their needs.



Fall will be sad; for all nature begins to deteriorate with age, nothing being replaced. The earth will claim its own and begin to withdraw its beauty. Life, at its fullest, will slowly begin to lose its elasticity and slowly begin to ebb.



With vengeance, Winter covers the many beautiful mysteries of nature with her blanket of snow. Having enjoyed all the gifts of God with no turning back, the earth is lifted to make room for man. Winter now covers all the mysteries, making way for another Spring.



From ashes to ashes, and from dust to dust, our lives are nothing more than the "Four Seasons of Life".

"The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn,  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill - side's dew pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven -  
All's right with the world"  
"Pippa Passes"



HOPE....

I dreamed I was a tiny ray of light,  
Reflector of the sun and ever so bright;  
Through my body, colors of the rainbow passed  
To the earth below and the sea so wide.

Each day, my strength mounted and grew,  
'Til my warmth extended to places unknown.  
Each day, my love for peace mounted  
Shining hours for this cause crusaded.

Each night, I slept with hopes for tomorrow,  
That each man, with his freedom secured,  
Each nation, with its duties fulfilled,  
Will find its places in the sun ---

A ray of light, a beam of hope.

It shines like the sun against the sea.  
Its brilliance gives pangs of ecstasy,  
It draws as the miser to his gold,  
It changes, and nothing's left to hold.

I see the core of the apple,  
The bough of the bending willow.  
The heart and the soul of a person  
Tell all I need to know.



## THE DAWN

Crystal was her name, and what her game was no one knew. She had the perfect attributes of a fashion model, from the shining beauty of perfectly shaped French curls to the stylish perfection of her black kid gloves.

Her black shoulder bag hung just the right way--it never wrinkled her dress or caught in doors. Her hot pink coat and matching paisley scarf set off the pink in her cheeks and the inky darkness of her large eyes. Poise was her middle name; and grace, her mother.

She arrived in her red M. G. with the hood down, exactly

three weeks from the spring dance, the highlight of the school year. Since three was my special unlucky number, this occasion had great meaning for me. Any man worth his salt in our school would at least try to take Crystal to the dance. The rest of the female population would play second fiddle. As for me, I should probably play seventh sixth if I got my braces off in time.

All plotting and planning, charm and cunning of the last two months were now undone with the swiftness of one wiggle, one perfumed, breathy Hi! Her recitals in class were too much for the normal self respecting girl to stand. She glided up the aisle placed herself in the exact center of the range of vision of the most eligible, most attractive boys in



the room. Then, it happened. She spoke. Just one little "y'all" would send the dullest boys into disgusting ecstasy. The situation was getting desperate.

Not only was the school a disaster area; but also the only other place to go--the "Groove", part disco scene, part hang out, all fun. All she would have to do would be to drop her straw paper, and seven eager retrievers would humbly grovel at her feet. I could have collapsed in a dead faint in the middle of the floor and the biggest reaction I could ever receive would be one or two authentic shrieks left over from the latest "Rolling Stones" album.

"It is always darkest before the dawn", and I was beginning to believe the dawn was never coming. Then, something happened that caused me to question my faith in human nature, and my

own personal judgement. It was two weeks before the dance, 336 hours of expectation, excitement and upset stomachs to survive.

I was busily cleaning out the firetrap I call my locker. Here I was in the middle of a pile of dirty sweat shirts, useless balls of paper, snapped rubber bands and other essentials when, who should stop before me but Miss Cleanliness herself, Crystal. Had the locker been open, I probably would have been hidden somewhere inside. Much to my despair, I had lost the key in my discarded paraphernalia, and the door had shut. It was useless, I had to talk to her.

"Pam, honey", said she, "I was wondering if you were going to the dance on the 6th?" I shook my head yes, not wanting to look up. "I have this adorable yellow crepe dress that would look divine on you; I was wondering if perhaps you could use it?" Could



my hearing be off? No, I had just passed my hearing test in school last week. That, at least makes me feel healthy. "Why", I asked! Aren't you wearing it, or are you wearing one of your other creations"? My voice was beginning to smell of acid. I'm not going to the dance; I haven't been asked; when I get around boysher in time, and now I had not an enemy, a friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HUMAN FAILURE

Look at all the broken hearts	Smell the fragrance of a rose
And all tormenting pain.	Whose petals fade away;
Look at all the tears that fall	Feel the hardness of a rock
Like never ending rain.	Now painted hard and gray.
Listen to the pleading prayers	Relive the rapture of a love
Repeated constantly;	Quite tainted with the past
Listen to the silence of	Recall anew a cherished life
a soul no longer free.	A life that could not last.
Look how smooth the clouds float	Sense once more the stinging pain
the clouds that are no more;	the thought of loneliness;
Listen to the waves that now	Be silent as the towers fall
No longer flow to shore	And crush to nothingness.



"Such sights as  
youthful poets dream  
On summer eaves by  
haunted streams..."

"Summer"



## MY MORNING ON THE BEACH

I had never witnessed so much life and movement as on that summer morning, a few years ago, when I strolled along the beach. The raging sound of the waves deafened me as they slapped against the shore. In the distance, I watched the rocks, cities in themselves, completely disappear. The ocean buried them until they rose again as the great salt waves rushed out to sea once more.

I couldn't miss the newly awakened sun beams flitting across the water's surface like dainty ballerinas. Above, sea gulls exchanged early morning gossip among themselves; and, at my feet, sand crabs struggled to stay hidden in the sand as the waves continually brought them to the surface. Even pieces of wood and seaweed took on life and form as the ocean tossed them about, up and down, right and left, into its whirling foam.

Although I was but one solitary figure, perhaps even an outsider, my walk on the beach will always be to me a source of inspiration and peace.



## THE WIZARD OF OZ - RECONSIDERED

The characters appear in new perspective. In a subplot, Dorothy, a confused adolescent, suffers because Auntie Em, a misunderstanding adult, does not agree to Dorothy's keeping of Toto, a dog, really her security symbol against the cruel and wicked accusations of the neighborhood "witch."

The main plot revolves around the trip to meet the wonderful wizard of Oz in the Emerald City. The tornado which sweeps Dorothy to her trip provides a favorable contrast to the psychological or spiritual upheaval within an individual.

Whom does the wicked witch of the West really represent? Communist aggression, government frauds, drug addiction, rebellious young generations, morally

degraded societies.....

And the good witch of the North? Peace, prosperity, human dignity, the triumph of Christianity...

The plot thickens as one follows the yellow brick road - a path - and who determines how the journey will unfold?

...the people encountered and befriended on the way? First, the brainless scarecrow, dreadfully afraid of fire, symbolizing those people subject to the temptations of passion and laxity in matters of right, reason, or conscience.

The tin man without a heart represents members of society who act without regard for the feelings of others. Self benefit provides the status symbols of self, the only ideal of the "heartless" man.

The cowardly lion encompasses every rational being lacking personal convictions. The word commitment never falls on these ears. This man moves with crowds, thinks with mobs, and dies in numbers every day.

In search of these virtues necessary for happiness, the four approach the wizard. Whom does the wizard symbolize? First, let us see how the witch and her monkey forces use of evil methods to make the road difficult. The witch, representative of evil, has followers in the monkeys, who signify those rational creatures who deny reason and humanity.

Now, where does the wizard fit in?

The mighty man determines the essence of the virtues which the individual wishes to acquire. Today, he seems to be society, yet he is an individual. The mighty wizard finally represents nothing other than each man's attempt to find his own identity and his relation to reality.

In the fantasy of a childhood, one can discover a guide to every person met in a lifetime if one still believes in fairy tales just enough to watch the movie for the tenth time and to reconsider its values.



## VACATION IN A WORLD OF FANTASY

Soft, tropical music;  
warm, glistening, azure waters;  
swaying, willowy palm trees;  
the smell of fresh straw,--  
all these combine to make a  
vacation in Nassau a tantalizing experience.

As the plane descends  
through the billows of white  
clouds, sparkling waters off  
the beaches greet the eyes.

Once in Nassau National  
Airport, the hustle and  
bustle begin. There is a  
mad dash to a hotel; for the  
only thought in everyone's  
mind is to get to the beach  
and warm sun before one of  
those unexpected squalls  
blows up. Those non sun wor-  
shippers might spend their days  
touring the off shore islands  
and famous spots of New

Providence. The straw market,  
the rum center, governor's man-  
sion and palatial cottages in  
the hills prove to be very at-  
tractive tourist spots.

With the setting of the sun,  
romantic Nassau comes alive.  
The sound of the goombay drums,  
morracas and casades carry  
native music through the palm  
trees. Torches light the way  
for the thousand of footsteps  
up and down the beach; the night  
becomes a whirl of dancing and  
merriment.

When vacation time is over,  
an airplane transports you  
back through the mountains of  
clouds where the world once  
again becomes a living reality  
and the fantasy of Nassau is but  
a memory and a dream.

"Seasons of mists and mellow  
fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the  
maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to  
load and bless  
With fruit the vines that  
round the thatch eves run."

"To Autumn"



## DEFENSIVE TACTICS

Catastrophic! That was the only salvagable, guttural sound my person was able to utter as the weekend's reading assignment was made--a classical novel of 555 tiny leaflets. Aside from the numerous, regimented discussionable details, a test of trickery was to be administered on the same date.

I had to act. To what defensive tactics must one revert for exceedingly high percentiles I had it--the abridged edition of the unabridged edition of the edition. A skeletal synopsis". With an ideal guide to a mind reader's compendium of plot, character and setting, I was redeemed. A prospective scapecoat was forseen. Enveloping my spirit were the sweet sensations of accomplishment.

All was resolved; that is, until...while speaking with a fellow victim, I was advised to read the entire bound collection of literary treatises. Spontaneously refusing to do so, I was assured of a conquest since the test basis, assuming as I did, was to be objective.

The day for the trial performance arrived. After squeezing the remnants of the outline into my gray matter, I confidently awaited the distribution of test papers. Reception of such minutiae produced stupification. While gazing at the printed sheet, my eyes wandered and slowly ascended to meet the words in the bold print--"Write a complete evaluation of the assigned novel"--I had failed. The tables were reversed. I was conquered.

### DEATH...

Death, hovering low  
Over the child, asleep in the leaves  
Once green, now fallen and brittle  
Whines that this should be.

Washing her hands in the muddy stream.  
She cleanses nought,  
But vainly struggles  
To blot out the stain.

Somewhere, beneath the setting sun  
A new light faintly struggles.  
Reality and wisdom strive.  
Peter Pan is dead

### DEPTH

#### PROVIDENCE

No peace to symbolize the dew  
Immortal nobles punish  
Give to space a plunk or two  
Root the selfish heart.  
  
Show me subtle timpani  
Underneath the warcry.  
Sheltered, finite infamy.  
Occurring through the rush...

Start with nothing,  
then a thought.  
Coherence in an endless  
stream.  
Emptiness with feelings  
strong.  
Revealed as in a dream.



## A DEMOCRATIC AMERICA ???

The citizens of the United States of America desire a democratic government controlled by all the people, a society in which political, legal, and social equality is insured. Scanning the crises occurring when negro citizens attempt to assert their rights, does one see a rejection of the ideas of democracy?

Though each instance may not headline the news, often-times, our neighbors and we ourselves literally reject and ignore our fellow men who represent different creeds, races, or languages. Can our native land be called democratic, if its people do not practice these God-given rights?

Yes, we encourage wholeheartedly life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, until an action with which we do not agree hinders us. Then, we all put aside our every day philosophy and apply discrimination, contempt, or unscrupulous principles. When the crisis is over, out comes our bag of goodies, "In God we Trust." These hallowed words reverently dictate how each one of us should live. Do we place our faith in the Creator first, or is He also brought out of the bag as evidence of our Americanism?

We call America a land where man is able to do as he pleases without fear of discrimination. Is this why Negroes cannot live gregariously with the fair-skinned of our kind? Minority groups often cannot vote or talk of their beliefs because they fear that a modern Ku Klux Klan may deprecate the opinions expressed. Yes, we are free; but America can never be the 'land of the free' until she extends true and inalienable freedom not license to all. The world is watching! America, wake up and be a world example of freedom and truth for

all.

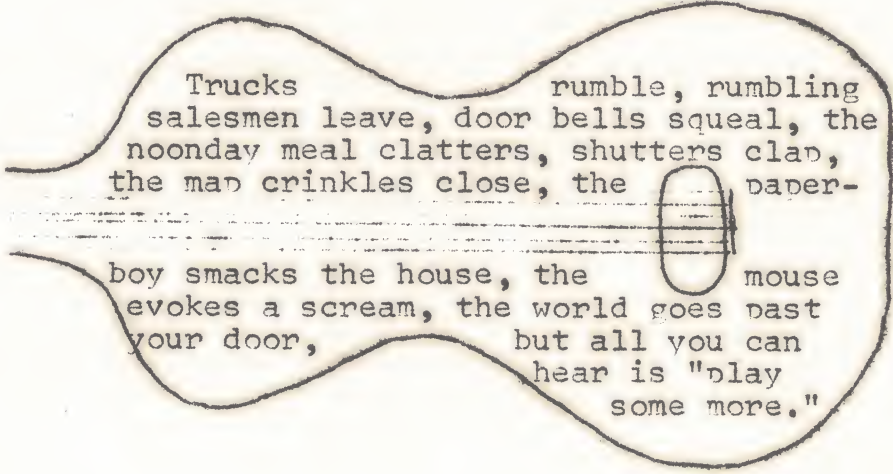
ON THE LIGHTER SIDE.....

REPORT CARD (WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW)

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Numbers tend to be so graphic.  
What my final grade will be. Letters such as standard c,  
Tell me not in terms of digits, Can interpret as an eighty,  
Tell me alphabetically. Or more hopeful, eighty three.  
  
Tell me not in terms numeric, Ah, the only one exception  
Tell me from an A to D. Is failure academically,  
Tell me not from sixty upwards, So, why not, for my effort,  
Tell me less specifically. Give me a much kinder "E"?

SNOB

A snob has little money,  
But pretends to have a lot.  
With nose in air,  
Who really cares,  
What brand names clothes have got??



Trucks rumble, rumbling  
salesmen leave, door bells squeal, the  
noonday meal clatters, shutters clap,  
the map crinkles close, the paper-  
boy smacks the house, the mouse  
evokes a scream, the world goes past  
your door, but all you can  
hear is "play  
some more."



## CAN SUPER HEROES SURVIVE ???



Video Village,  
that utopian society of loving wives, moronic husbands, faithful dogs, has, this season, unleashed a host of new super heroes destined to touch the hearts, if not the soft heads, of many viewers.

Where Batman has failed, Mr. Terrific and Captain Nice succeed, if only by adding insult to injury. These fabricated, dithering heroes make even Clark Kent look intelligent.

The teen shows catering to those in the five to eight year category have made dancing seem like a dying, if not

an art of considerable torture.

Writhing about the floor, the 'regulars' move enmasse to the sounds of the sponsors' money jingling.

Super Lou, the Swinging Sparrow, and other vaudeville type entertainers lead the way for the new type of television entertainment called the 'more moronic you act...the more money you rake in...the more the more the sponsor likes you...'

The only real enjoyment comes not at 7:30 p.m., when Batman visits your living room, but when Reef makes a mardi gras out of your powder room at 7:31 p.m.



"I, singularly moved  
To love the lonely that are  
not beloved,  
Of all the seasons most,  
Love winter."

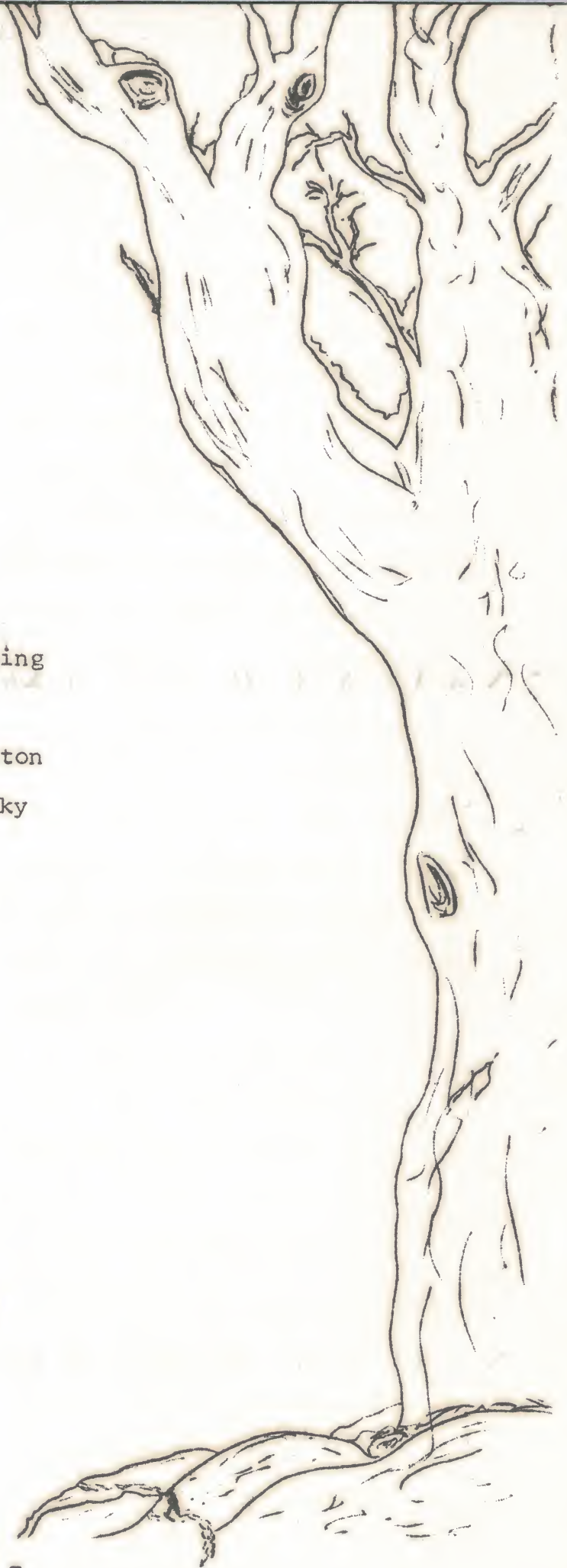
"Winter"



Flakes falling falling  
down, softly without a sound--  
people wearing frowns.

a kiss of white  
a dull grey sky  
sparkling crystals  
reflecting light  
a lonely bird searching  
for Spring  
a tree's stark skeleton  
etched against the sky  
a soft blanket  
Nature's peaceful  
sleep

...And the snow lying untouched  
begins to melt.  
Cars splash dirt on its cleanness,  
and His handiwork is  
destroyed...



## WHEN WILL THEY LEARN

As I look down upon the center of the bustling city, hundreds of people pass beneath me. Some of their faces reflect anger and scars left by the past. Others are tired and worn, and still more are distrustful. Neighbor passes neighbor, wondering...

A middle-aged man drags himself out of the sparkling white colonial bank. He has been replaced in his job by a mechanical brain; he feels inferior, useless. A few blocks away, a derelict is evicted from his shabby shack in order to make way for a new expressway.

Emotions are heightened with the feeling that a great injustice has been incurred. On the corner of a main street, a group of pickets strike because of unjust wages and hours. On the opposite side of the street, parade a group of bearded, sign carrying

reactionaries, speaking out against what they call an "unjust" and "immoral" war.

Each of these persons is wandering aimlessly, secretly hoping that someone else has the same torments and feelings as he; each desperately realizing that others have their own problems, and no time for anyone else; each seeking for someone who will be continually at his side. But, each thinking that he is utterly alone, continues to grasp at bits of light that shine through their dismal lives.

When will they ever understand that I am always near, that my love surrounds them, and will ever guide their hesitant step? When will they ever bear witness to the fact that I am the Truth, the Way and the Life?

When, when, when.....



## MYSTERY

The Stillness, silence  
evoking grief when life ends,  
encompass me yet.

## EVENTUALITY

No emptiness  
    Or shallow thoughts  
But a hollow heart  
    Eternally falling  
Into outstretched jaws  
    Of dim loneliness  
Into the smothering atmosphere  
    Of unattainable depths  
No night, no day  
    No light, no darkness  
No cold, no warmth  
    No love, no hate  
No mark of time  
    or its antiquity  
Never emptiness  
    Never shallow thoughts  
No, No thoughts at all  
    Nothing  
But imperceptible loneliness.



## APPROACHING FULFILLMENT

Hearts, overflowing  
with love, render deep joy--mine  
brimming to the top.

## THE LIGHT

17 miles of darkness and not a sign of light.

I have traveled 17 miles hoping for a light--a light to see the way.

But no light appears.

The darkness causes me to falter.

I see no ruts and trenches--I fall.

Many hands offer help, many voices call out, but I cannot  
reach them.

I struggle to my feet alone--in darkness.

18 miles of darkness and not a sign of light.

I have traveled 18 miles hoping for a light--a light to see the way.

But no light appears.

Once again I fall.

Once again, I can accept no help because of my helplessness.

I struggle to my feet alone in darkness.

19 miles of darkness and not a sign of light.

I have traveled 19 miles hoping for a light--a light to see the way.

But no light appears.

My steps become heavy, I can no longer stand the burden.

My prayers bring no answer.

I fall the third time and again my revival is alone--in darkness.

My 20th mile brings me to a crossroad.

One road is clear and full of light.

The other is blurred and dark.

I can no longer bear being in darkness--I choose the light.

"Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."



## CANDLES, CANES, CANDY, AND COOKIES

Cane sat alone on the dusty shelf in Santa's workshop, counting the days till Christmas. "I will surely have to be picked this year", he cried the words sticking in his throat. "Of course you will", replied a voice from nowhere. Cane looked and looked around the shop. Suddenly, the voice came again. "I know for sure that this year you're on the list". Could it be that he was imagining this! Every year the goodies were being picked for the long trip to earth, Cane shined up his stripes and pressed his cellophane. But, alas, every year he was put back on the shelf.

It began to get dark in the small shop next to the toy room. A candle glowed in the dark, and the mysterious voice spoke again. "There was one special request for you this year. I know because I over-

heard Santa telling the elves to pick you up tonight before it got too late."

The door opened and the room was filled with a startling brilliance. Santa's white beard and fur trim shone like a Christmas star; in the dark room, indeed he was a star for Cane. Now, because of him, Cane would have his one chance to prove himself worthy.

Cane was placed very carefully into a large sack with a foreign name scrawled across the top. Inside he found two of his old friends preparing for the trip to earth. Candy, with her cellophane glistening and her eyes shining was settling herself down in the bottom of the sack anticipating what was to come. Cookie, who was always crumbling about something, was trying to get comfortable,

but his seat seemed to be a bit crooked. "It's all for a good cause." "I guess he means the cause of peace and happiness."

All the way down the Milky Way, they went singing and talking of the joy that Christmas brings. The sleigh stopped and the bag fell out. Anxious hands lifted it and carried it

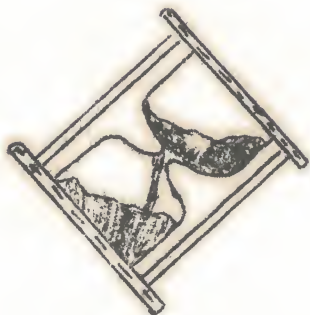
through a building to the sun outside. "Where is the snow", Candy asked. She was the romantic of the group. "There is none", replied Cookie, candidly. "Can't you see where we are"? We are in the jungle in Vietnam". This is the best Christmas I could ever have", replied Cane with a crazy smile. "These Christmases were worth waiting through", he thought as he was put into anxious but dirty hands.





The raging storm has  
abated. See the sky as  
morning's glory lights!

...TIME slips by, totally unaware of what it  
does...



The last leaf is down,  
It makes the changing of TIME,  
naked in the wind.

...Leaves that had been killed by a too early  
frost blew around us while we reclined  
on a white marble bench, warning us, with  
the wind, that TIME was running out...

Who cares about tomorrow?  
Who dares to question why?  
Who cares about you anyway...I

...But isn't happiness usually just  
a moment--and these glowing  
moments appear, here and there,  
throughout each life time?...

TIME heals everything, but what heals TIME!

A PARADOX ???

Love is a gentle passion that you need all your strength to bear.  
Love is a feeling strong enough to bear the world.

It's the smile you smile through tears,  
And the tears you shed while smiling.

It's the happiness you feel when sad,  
And the sadness you feel when happy.

Love is the moments that seem like hours,  
And the hours that seem like moments.

It's the sun on a stormy day,  
And the storm on a sunny day.

It's the tiny snowflake that melts before touching it,  
And the blanket of snow that touches you, every part of you.

Love is the desire to run when you know you can hardly walk,  
And the desire to express yourself when you know you aren't able to talk.

It's the feeling of hunger you experience when you can't eat,  
And the feeling of fullness you experience when you want to eat.

Love is wanting and needing to give and seeming only to receive.  
It's the pain you feel when you're too numb to feel any pain.

It's the mild, rough touch of a strong, guiding hand.  
Love is standing still when everything is moving.

It is moving when everything is standing still.

Love is beautiful and the essence of beauty, and in this, it is no  
paradox.



## A GRADUATE'S PRAYER

Lord, help me--it is dark. Are you here in my darkness, Lord? In just a few more short hours I am going to leave Manor. As I look at my classmates for the last time, I try to smile; but underneath I am so afraid.

Remember, Lord, when I used to complain to you in the chapel about those hard history, anatomy, English and business law tests. How I could hardly wait till June. Lord, I take it all back...if only I could relive just one of those days. I want to stop the clock, Lord...I am not prepared to face the world. But, no one asks me if I am ready. No one wants to know my fears. I'm so secure here, Lord, why do I have to enter a world of insecurity?

Dear God, how can you be so cruel? I'm too young to face the world's demands. I'm not ready to say yes. And yet, Lord, I have no choice! The time has come for me to find my place. Please give me the courage to find my new role.

Up until now my eyes have reflected a childlike happiness because I have only seen the things which pleased me, I must open them wide. I must see poverty and despair. I must see cruelty and injustice. Your people are calling me, Lord. I must not ignore their pleas.

Somewhere, a blindman desperately needs my firm hand to guide him, Somewhere, an atheist longs for the knowledge I can give him, Somewhere, a drunk awaits my words of encouragement. Yes, somewhere my youthful strength and enthusiasm is in great demand.

How can I say no and turn my back?

I am ready now, Lord. I am ready to say good-bye. I realize now the importance of giving myself to others. I will never forget the parents, teachers, and friends who have inspired me with their high ideals. Above all, Jesus, I will never forget those girls who have been a part of my life for the past two years. Thanks for letting me meet them.

Yes, Dear God, it's so hard to part; but I will never really miss them because each girl has left a part of herself in my heart.

Deep, deep inside of me, I have a hidden dream to follow, a dream that only we share. Perhaps it will take me a lifetime to accomplish, but, nevertheless, it will be worth it.

You know something, Lord, it's not dark anymore; I'm not afraid because you have shown me the guiding light--that has already brightened my future days. I LOVE YOU.

